

BOUNDED BILLOWS.

ST. LOUIS: Published by BALMER & WEBER.

Allegretto.

Bounding billows cease your motion, Bear me not so

swift - ly o'er, Cease thy roaring foam - y o - cean, Cease thy

roaring foam - y o - cean, I will tempt thy rage no more.

2
Ah! within my bosom beating,
Varying passions wildly reign;
Love with proud resentment meeting,
Throbs by turns with joy and pain.

3
Proud has been my fatal passion,
Proud my injured heart shall be;
While each thought and inclination,
Still shall prove me worthy thee.

4
Yet believe no servile passion,
Seeks to charm thy vagrant mind,
Well I know thy inclination —
Wav'ring as the passing wind.

5
Far I go where fate may lead me,
Far across the troubled deep;
Where no stranger's ear can heed me,
Where no eye for me shall weep.

6
Not one sigh shall tell my story,
Not one tear my cheek shall stain;
Silent grief shall be my glory,
Grief that stoops not to complain.

7
When with thee what ill could harm me,
Thou could'st ev'ry pang assuage;
But when absent nought could harm me,
Ev'ry moment seemed an age.